

PS 3507

.0757

B6

1919

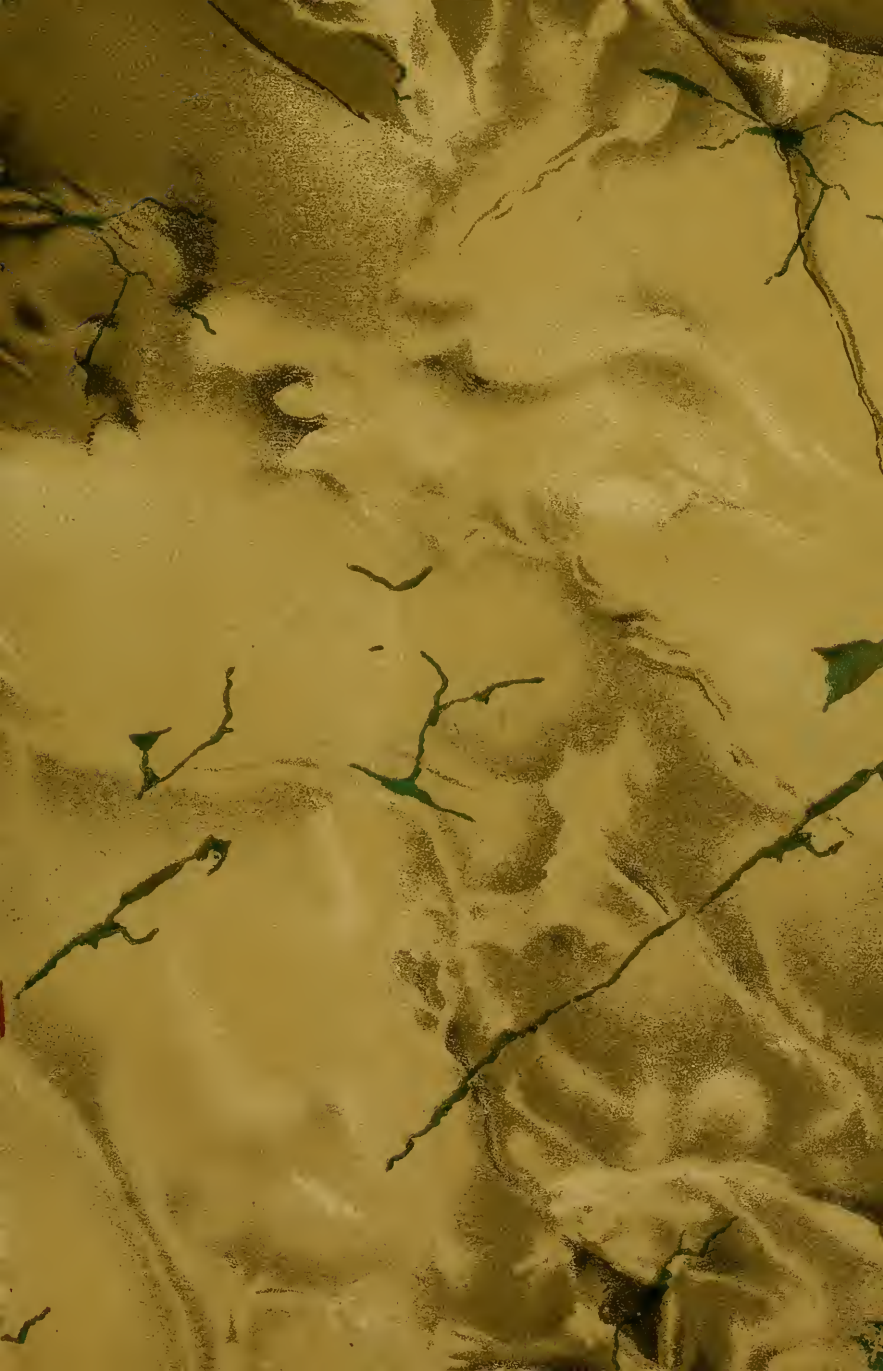
Copy 1

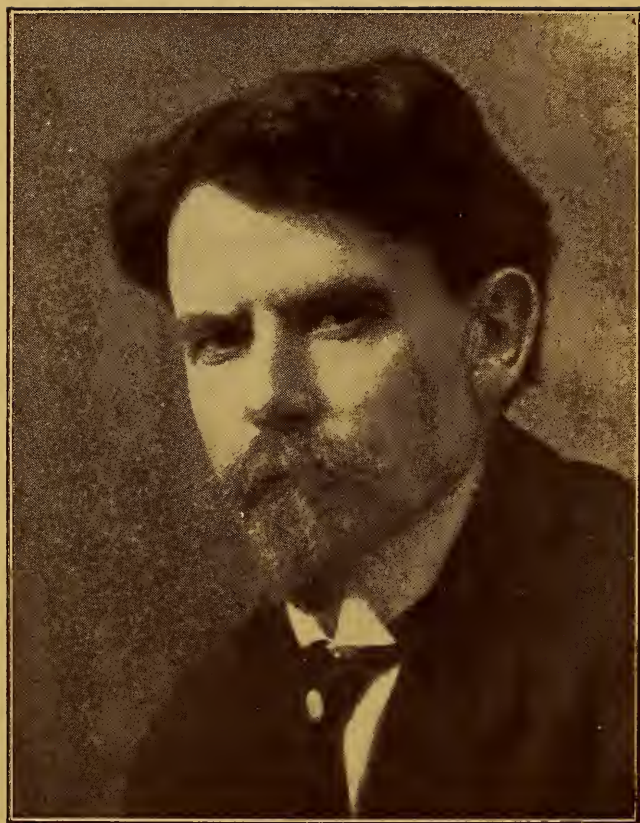
A Book o' Verse

by

Clarence B. Douglas







PS 3507
.D757 B6
1919

Copyright, 1919
Clarence B. Douglas



DEC 29 1919

©CL A559199

no 1

2413 8 Jan 1920

To R. M. McF.—

Because you have aided the helpless,

Because you have buried their dead,

Because you have clothed the naked

And those who were hungry you fed,

Because from every angle

You've stood four square and true—

Because of these things, "Old Pioneer,"

I dedicate this to you.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Christmas Morn	9
The Criminal Convert	12
Dreams	18
My Shrine	21
The Laugh of a Little Chlid	24
Life's Ebb and Flow	26
A-Boozin' With the Boys.....	28
Silas Says	30
In Bluest Eyes	32
At Parting	33
Where God Smiled	34
I Am Tulsa	36
Sunset at Westport	39
Columbia, We Have Answered	41
On to the Rhine	43
Tulsa's Fighting Engineers	45
There Are Others	46
The Mind	48
To Judge H. T.	49
The Change	51
The Dawn	52

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In prowling through some family scrap-books, the writer selected from a job lot of alleged poems and prose articles those making up the text of this volume. Practically all of the verse has heretofore been published under the signature of the writer in newspapers and magazines and will not be new to some of the readers. Nothing is claimed for the compilation except that the author is personally responsible for the creation of the contents of the collection. He appreciates to the fullest extent their lack of literary merit, but has put them together in this form as a gift-book for purely private circulation among some of his more intimate friends.

The most ambitious of the verses—"The Criminal Convert"—is based on an incident of the old Indian Territory days and is a part of the history of the Chickasaw Nation. "Columbia, We have Answered," was written on the day the

registration booths were opened for the selective draft and was inspired by the throngs of red-blooded American boys swarming around the booths for registration. The concluding article—"The Dawn"—was written as an editorial in the Muskogee Daily Phoenix, of which the writer was then editor, and was published when the law was passed creating a state out of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and is now embalmed in the history of the State of Oklahoma, compiled by Historian Joseph B. Thoburn, page 886. Other articles were suggested from time to time by the trend of events and are put together in this little volume without the expectation of attracting especial attention.

The selection was made with the view of having something along patriotic lines, something in dialect, nature studies, sentiment and religious philosophy. With this explanation and excuse for perpetrating the volume on my friends I leave it with them.

CLARENCE B. DOUGLAS.

CHRISTMAS MORN

What matter if the other days may
 come and go,
Each bringing in its train its joy or woe;
This day, conceived by Deity, a child
 was born;
This day belongs to Him, 'tis Christmas
 morn.

What words e'er spoken
By human tongue
Bring rushing to the brain of man
Such hallowed and such cherished recol-
 lections?
What words so cause the mind
World wearied though it be,
To quicken with the flood of memory
And leaping the gulf of time
Flow back to those sweet sainted days
 of yore.

What images of all that's noblest and
 best
Of all most holy and most sacred
Are conjured up,
As if by magic, heaven sent,

What thoughts of home
And all a home can mean
To childish innocence and purity
Come trooping down the corridors of
time
From out the dim and mouldy past.
It matters not
If hut or hovel bore the title home.
It matters not
If princely palace was the place.
It matters not
If wealth was lavish in its gifts,
Or poverty was pinching with its pain,
The elements of happiness were there
On Christmas morn.

As beacon lights adown life's pathway
Succeeding morns like this
Have spent in radiant splendor,
Chaining with annual links of love
The present to the days of long ago.
On this day, God given to the Son of
Man,
The eye glistens with a new-found flash.
Lips curve into heartfelt wishes
For universal happiness
And mingle their music with the child-
ish laugh.

Remorseless kings of care,

Of worry, disappointment and discontent,
Are this day dethroned
And in their place
In each true heart erected is
A shrine of peace on earth,
Good will to all.
The wolves of malice, hatred and envy
Are driven back into their lair.
Their snarls are hushed by songs
Of love, of peace and of affection,
Around all, above all, permeating all,
On this day ascend
To God's own home.
Paens tuned to that heavenly hymn
Which first heard in Bethlehem
Have for more than twenty centuries
Been the first and last lullaby
Listened to by all that's best
That's lived and died
Since dawn of time.

What matter, then, if other days may
come and go,
Each bringing in its train its joys or
woe?
This day, conceived by Deity, a child
was born;
The day belongs to Him, 'tis Christmas
morn.

THE CRIMINAL CONVERT

There were ninety men in the sultry den
And never a man was free
As the night came down like a darkening crown

And the storm king laughed with glee.
The Creek was there with his raven hair
And the Seminole so brave
The bold Choctaw and the Chickasaw
Were there in the living grave.

And the Cherokee from his smoked
tepee

With eyes of the fiercest glow
Would share his bed and divide his bread
With a son of Mexico.

And the black and white of equal might
Was herded there nor free,
And the night came down like a dismal
gown

While the storm king howled with
glee.

The silent guard 'bove the prison yard
Kept watch through the thick'ning
gloom

In the tempest's splash and the light-
ning's flash

And the thunder's crash and boom.
While above the din in the den of sin

Like a call from a distant shore
Came the Parson's voice bidding all re-
joice

Tonight and forever more.

I am going to preach and I'll try to teach
To the ninety men in here

Of the words of love from the throne
above

(And his tones were loud and clear).

I preach to you of a Savior true

In a happy home on high,
Where the angels dwell, all saved from
hell,

And the righteous never die.

In my humble way I'm going to pray

To the Lord of Nazarene,

Your souls to save from a sinful grave,

To wash you white and clean.

I'm going to pray in my humble way

A pardon for every sin,

And by His grace, ere I leave this place,

I hope some soul to win.

And he prayed a prayer in the prison
there,

As the ninety bowed their heads
The bold Choctaw and the Chickasaw,
The whites, the blacks, the reds,
And the night was down like a leaden
crown

And the storm king howled with glee
While the Parson raised his voice and
praised

The King of Calvary.

He prayed for the chief with his unbel-
ief,

For the black highwayman bold,
For the robber, too, and his bandit crew,
For the criminals, young and old;
For those who kill with a wanton will,
For those who steal by night,
For those who rape their lust to sate,
For the drunken ones who fight.

Oh, Father above, look down in love
On the ninety wretches here,
And may Thy grace, e'en in this place,
O'erwhelm their hearts with fear
And make them see it is only Thee
Can save their souls from hell.
Can wash their stain with Thy holy rain
And make them clean and well.

Oh, make them see it is only Thee
Can bring them safely through.
Show them the way to eternal day,
To a better life and true.
Make them repent of the years misspent
And shield them with Thy love.
Oh, save each soul from the awful goal.
Hear thou me, God above.

Then he sang a hymn in the prison grim
He sang, "Turn, Sinners, Turn."
It's not too late to reach God's gate
While the lamp holds out to burn.
He'll welcome you with a welcome true,
The vilest here may come.
Oh, go with me to the Calvary,
To my Savior's heavenly home.

Repent ye all, hear the Savior's call.
He's bidding you return,
And while I stand give me your hand
And the blessed lesson learn.
Leave sin behind and glory find.
Tonight is the time to start.
There is no fear when the Lord is near;
He strengthens every heart.

Then from his bed, 'tween the black and
red,
Uprose an outlaw bold,

With trembling step to the Parson crept,
All shivering as with cold,
And a vicious flash of the lightning's
crash

Showed his features pale and stern,
As he bowed his head and slowly said,
"I am resolved to turn."

"If I was free tonight," said he,

"I'd go to the little mound
Where sleeps my child in the mountain
wild

With the fern leaves all around,
And bow my head o'er my loved one
dead

And ask of the God on high
My soul to save from a crime-stained
grave,

In the happy bye and bye.

"By that sacred sod I'd pray to God
To forgive my every sin.

I am ready now to take the vow
And another life begin.

In the sight of all on the Lord I call
To wash my garments white.

With the cleansing blood of the crim-
son flood

I'll be baptized this night."

In the lightning's glare of the prison
there

All the eighty-nine stood up
And the Parson said, as upon his head
He poured from an old tin cup,
"I baptize the with the Trinity,
With the Holy Ghost and Son,
In the name and love of God above,
And may their will be done."

And it seemed to me no one shall see
A scene so wierd, so grand,
As the white and red on their blanket
bed

'Round the Christian one did stand,
And the black man, too, and the bandit
crew

Looked on as the Parson cried,
"A soul is saved and the devil braved
By the little child that died."

Then stillness came and the storm and
rain

Passed on with the sighing wind.
The moon shone bright through a star-
lit night

And the world seemed good and kind,
While the night came down like a sil-
very crown

And a promise gave to all,
For the ninety men in the marshal's den
Heard only the Savior's call.

DREAMS

The dreams that we dreamed in childhood,

In the dawn of our day of life,
As we played in the flowery wildwood
Away from the world of strife—

Oh, these were the dreams of fairies

Of heavenly joy and love,
That come and go in the dusk light's
glow,

As sent from the throne above.

We dream of a loving mother,

Of the warm, red lips we kiss,
Caresses which almost smother

In ecstasy's sacred bliss,

Of loving songs so tender

In tones so sweet and low,

The evening hymn as the day grows
dim,

'Tis the dream of the long ago.

And then as the sun grows brighter

In the day of the passing years,

And the fleeting hours seem lighter,

For our first love's hope and fears,

We dream of the blue eyes tender,
Of the cheeks with the peach blown
hue,
Of the shady nook and the blushing look
Of the maiden sweet and true.
We dream of the stolen meetings,
The clasp of the fluttering hand,
Of the summer evening's greetings,
Of curls like a golden strand;
Of notes with their folded corners,
Of the moonlight and the rose;
And these, it seems, are the sweetest
dreams
That a fleeting life e'er knows.

The dreams that we dream in manhood,
In the whirl of a busy life,
When the cup seems filled with worm-
wood,
When trouble and sin are rife;
Oh, these are the dreams of sorrow,
Of misery, pain and death;
And welcome the coming morrow
And hail to the shortening breath,
We dream of the cares and worry
Of the battle day by day;
Of the sickening haste and hurry;
Of the debts we can never pay;
Of ruin so swift and certain;
Of poverty's keenest sting;

Of the rushing wave and a nameless
grave,
And the dream is a hideous thing.

The dreams that come in the twilight
As the sun of life goes down,
When the only light is the skylight,
And the west is a burnished brown,
Oh, these are the dreams of sages,
The dreams of a home on high,
Of the races run and the prizes won
And the life in the bye and bye.
We dream of the heaven's glory,
Of a love that never dies,
Of the Son of God's life story,
Of She with the weeping eyes,
Of joy with the singing angels,
Where all is peace and rest,
And these we know as they come and go,
Of our dreams are best.

MY SHRINE

In southern lands where dwell the sav-
age nations,
Where superstition rules and holds
full sway,
Where gods and devils all of man's cre-
ation
Reign absolute to whom the natives
pray,
The fiercest there will bow in supplica-
tion
To images of wood, of stone or clod,
And they alone feel worthy of salvation,
Invoking blessings of their favorite
god.

Where shines the midnight sun in faded
glory,
Where chilling shrieks the wind from
off the floes,
Where icy peaks seem battling grim and
hoary,
With nature's forces 'mid the Eternal
snows,
There, far from all that makes life worth
the living,

Where foot of civilization ne'er has
trod,
Are countless ones to graven ivory giv-
ing
That worship Christians ever give to
God.

To bow in fevered prayer before some
altar,
To kneel with all that's best beneath
some shrine,
And thus to strengthen when we seem
to falter,
With aid from supernatural source di-
vine,
Has ever been throughout the countless
ages,
With every race since dawn of time
the way,
The youth, the man, the prophets and
the sages,
Of every land to deities must pray.

So like all else that hath a spirit given,
I worship where to me seems best of
all,
A happy home, to me my only Heaven,
A childish laugh to me an angel call,
A loving wife, my only inspiration,

The loved ones growing 'neath my
vine and tree,
With these for creeds, for shrine and for
salvation,
I'll meet the end, whatever it may be.



THE LAUGH OF A LITTLE CHILD

The song bird's note in the forest green
Seems touched by a wand divine,
The melody pure from the Woodland
Queen

With chords of my heart entwine,
And the music heard by the murmuring
sea,
Of the Song King free and wild,
Is sweet to my ear, but I'd rather hear
The laugh of a little child.

The laugh that comes with a burst of
joy
From the lips that ever smiled;
'Tis the sweetest tone I have ever
known,
The laugh of a little child.

The golden harp and its quivering
strings
With harmony fills the air,
And back to my memory quickly brings
The scenes that were bright and fair.

The old love song that a maiden sang,
With a voice so low and mild
Was sweet to my ear, but I'd rather
hear
The laugh of a little child.

The laugh that flows like a limpid
stream,
From lips that are undefiled;
'Tis the sweetest tone I have ever known
The laugh of a little child.

And when in the evening of my life,
I know that the end is near;
The end of pleasure, joy or strife,
The end of hope or fear,
Where'er I be, on land or sea,
To the fates I am reconciled,
If somewhere near I can only hear
The laugh of a little child.

The laugh that seems like an angel song,
From a soul that is undefiled;
'Tis the sweetest tone I have ever known,
The laugh of a little child.

LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW

The lives of men like the restless tide
Must ebb and flow as the fates decree,
Some sink engulfed by the human sea,
Some high on the rolling crest will bide.

When the tide is full you need no friend
To ride on the silvery bright sea wave,
No need of a helping hand to save—
Life's pleasures seem to have no end.

Your ship will sail through the waters
 deep
To the harbor of hope on the golden
 shore,
Away from the breakers' sullen roar,
And a sharp lookout your crew will keep.

But changed is all when the ebbing tide
Flows out and the sea is lashed to foam,
And want and misery's hollow moan
With gaunt despair stalks side by side.

Then the reefs of the troubled sea of life
All strewn with wrecks of young and
 old

Show grim, and the heart is numb and
cold
With its ceaseless pain and deadly strife.

God pity the wrecks along the beach,
And save from the treacherous under-
tow
Their souls as they waver to and fro
Between Thy love and the Demon's
reach.



A-BOOZIN' WITH THE BOYS

I don't see how a feller can be always
satisfied
To leave his lonesome wife a-settin' by
the fireside,
A-waitin' fer his comin' and afeard of
every noise,
And him up town carousin' 'round,
a-boozin' with the boys.
It seems to me I'd rather be a-settin'
'round the fire,
Whar I could hear the young uns cheer
with all their hearts' desire;
A-watchin' of them playin' on the car-
pet with their toys;
I'd rather be a-doin this than boozin'
with the boys.

I don't see how a feller can fergit the
ones who wait
And watch the winder till the day has
darkened into night;
Or how he can forgit that, tho' the hour
is growing late,

The ones at home still love him, tho' he's
doin' what ain't right.
And when the time has come to put the
little uns to bed,
When all their romps are over and their
evenin' prayers are said,
It seems to me I'd rather be a witness
to such joys
Than up in town, carousin' 'round,
a-boozin' with the boys.

I don't see how a feller can fergit the
other days,
When first he wooed and won her who is
now his wedded wife;
When all he could remember was her
fascinatin' ways,
And every smile she gave him was a
sunbeam in his life;
It seems to me 'twould better be to think
of such as this,
And every day to pave her way to pleas-
ure with a kiss,
And when we could we always should
keep addin' to her joys.
And let some other feller go out boozin'
with the boys.

SILAS SAYS

I was to an evenin' party not so very
long ago,
Whar the talent, wit and beauty seemed
to be out fer a show.
And the people of society war in their
elemint
When the folks thar got to talkin' 'bout
marriage sentiment.
A woman as was leader of the set in up-
per ten
Spoke of wives a lovin' husbands and of
husbands lovin' them,
And she ridiculed the idea, just as
though it couldn't be,
Sayin' love whar folks war married was
to hear of, not to see.

She spoke of Abner Jenkins, who, as
everybody knows,
Is kind to all his neighbors and forgivin'
to his foes;
And she said she thought him silly,
couldn't see to save her life
How a man could be so simple as to say
he loved his wife.

Course the crowd all jined in with her,
and they ridiculed that man,

Saying he was soft and foolish, talkin'
as such people can,
And the words they used were bitter,
and they cut me like a knife,
When they spoke with scorn about him
jest because he loved his wife.

I went home and got to thinkin' 'bout
the words as they had used,
And I wondered how it feels to have a
heart so torn and bruished
That it never feels the passion that
brings happiness to life,
And makes a home a Heaven, whar a
husband loves his wife.

Not accordin' to our nature is it for us
so to speak,
And our herts must first be darkened
by some cursed unlucky streak,
And our lives must be embittered by the
sin of wordly strife,
'Fore we say in public places that no
man should love his wife.

For myself thar's no such pleasure as
a lovin' woman brings.
The home of priceless treasure is whar
love and Cupid sings,
And I guess I'll quit society and spend
my future life,
Whar a man is true to nature, and a hus-
band loves his wife.

IN BLUEST EYES

Thine eyes were the first to tell to me
The story that thy lips ne'er spoke;
And in their bluest depths I see
The smouldering flame but now awoke

Thine eyes were first to tell to me
The secret that thy lips concealed,
And from thy soul I seemed to see
The faintest glimpse of love revealed.

Thine every word so well controlled
No tender passion e'er implies,
Yet, when I tell the story old,
The answer comes from out thine eyes

There, in the beacons of thy heart,
Untrained in language to deceive,
I see thee as thou really art;
I see the lovelight and believe.

And though thy lips shall e'er say—no,
And all thy form the truth deny,
Still, thou and I will ever know
The secret told me in thine eyes.

And when the time shall come to leave
When we have said the last good-byes,
Into my life with love I'll weave
The story of thy tell-tale eye

AT PARTING

I soon shall say good-bye, perhaps fare-
well;
Soon look, perchance, the last time in
thine eyes—
Thine azure eyes wherein thy secrets
dwell—
And see thy soul, and all that in it lies.

And as I look I hope I there may see
A tender light they once before have
shown—
A light of joy—and may it ever be
A gleam of love for me, for me alone.

I do not care if this be right or wrong;
I do not care if it be good or bad;
I do not care if it be weak or strong;
I do not care if it be sane or mad.

I only know I wish it from my heart;
I only know in this I am sincere,
That when the moment comes for us to
part
Thy soul at last shall speak, and mine
shall hear.

WHERE GOD SMILED

Did you ever hear the call of the wild,
As you pegged away at the daily grind
With a heavy heart and a weary mind,
Your nerves strung up like a frightened
child—

Did you ever hear the call of the wild?

Did you ever hear the call of the stream
As you worked along in a ceaseless
strain,

With muscles taut and a fagged-out
brain

When life was a restless waking
dream—

Did you ever hear the call of the stream?

Did you ever hear the call of the hills,
When the sun beat down and your
pulses throbbed,

And you knew your youth was being
robbed

By the city's hum and its vice and ills—

Did you ever hear the call of the hills?

Did you ever hear the call of the trees,
And the cry of the loon along the
creek,
The bark of the squirrel and the
whirring shriek
Of the quail and the murm'ring autumn
leaves—
Did you ever hear the call of the trees?

All these I heard—and they called my
name
Thru the sun-baked streets and the
city's blare,
Mid the roar and rush of its stifling
air—
Go where I would, it was all the same;
I heard these calls, and in answer came!

And here in the heart of nature wild
Is peace, content and joy and rest
And all that goes to make life blessed,
And over it all it seems God smiled,
And made me again a laughing child.

I AM TULSA

I am Tulsa,
The city with a history,
The city with a vision,
And looking back along the yesterdays
I smile with pride for things accomplished.

The future I look into with fearless eye,
Content and confident,
For I am Tulsa, the unafraid.

I am Tulsa,
The patriotic city,
And ten thousand of my own
Red-blooded men
Have heard the nation's call,
Have heard and answered.
On all the Seven Seas,
Across No Man's Land
In Belgium, Italy and France
Are those who call me home,
And calling thus will soon return
To Tulsa.

I am Tulsa
And, where'er my sons may wander

There is my name spoken,
And in pride they say it
As no other name is said.
And back to me not only
Will they come
When comes the righteous peace,
But each with him
Will bring another man to
Know and love his Tulsa.

I am Tulsa,
The mighty melting pot,
Where fused and blended
Are the Nation's best,
And where Aladdin's lamp
Has been outshone in splendor.
I am the home of culture,
Wealth and pleasure,
Of homes content and happy,
Of peace, prosperity, energy and ambi-
tion.
And to the cold,
The naked and the hungry,
Where'er the God of War
Holds sway, I give and give
And give again, for
I am generous Tulsa.

I am Tulsa.
My schools and churches

Are my pride and joy.
To make every male
And female child
A noble man and woman,
That is my aim
And my ambition,
And ever I aim true
And do these things
I seek to do,
For I am Tulsa.

I am Tulsa,
The home of pioneer
And tenderfoot,
The Nation's mighty midway.
And here shall meet, shall
Mingle and shall mate
The Nation's best of
All that's best,
And o'er and o'er decades to come
My name shall be
On every tongue
And poet's pen
Be made to sing
The fame of unmatched Tulsa.

SUNSET AT WESTPORT

The sun sinks down mid a spray of gold,
In its glittering bed 'neath the ocean
deep;

And the life of another day is told,

The life of all who sing or weep.

As the glimmering rays cross the wa-
ter's gleam,

Sparkle and glow, then slowly die,
The sad sea waves to the twilight seem
To murmur a fond farewell good-bye.

The evening's light with a darkening
shade

Flits over the water's golden hue,
And a bridal couch for the sun is made
In the distant depths of the ocean's
blue.

The silvery moon from the eastland's
glow,

The twinkling stars shine pure and
bright,

Through the fleecy clouds that come
and go,

And bathe the earth in their mellow
light.

The song bird's note is hushed and still,
The moaning sea sings a sad farewell,
The towering pines on the rock-ribbed
hill

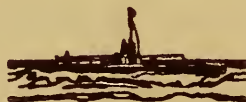
Nod a last goodnight to the flowery
dell;

Then the day is gone and the night is
here

With its rest from toil, with its slum-
ber hour,

And the heavens above seem doubly
near

As the night comes on in its mystic
power.



COLUMBIA, WE HAVE ANSWERED

I.

We have heard your call, Columbia;
We have answered in our might
With ten million saying, "Present,"
Lined up ready for the fight.
From the mills and mines we answered,
From the office, farm and banks,
We're ten million strong, Columbia,
And we're ready for the ranks.

II.

We have heard your call, Columbia,
And we come ten million strong;
We are girded for the battle
For the right against the wrong!
We will cross the seas, Columbia;
We will reach the Kaiser's lair,
And the Huns will feel the thunder
Of our guns, when we are there!

III.

We have heard your call, Columbia,
And with steel and shot and shell
We will sweep the German trenches
'Til the yawning gates of hell

Have received their own, Columbia—
Kaiser, Prince and Hussar, too,
Then the world will bow, Columbia,
In a prayer of thanks to you.

IV.

When comes peace to thee, Columbia—
Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men—
And the world shall be rebuilt,
We'll come home to thee; and then
You shall tell in song and story
How we heard, ten millions strong,
How we answered, how we battled;
How avenged the German wrong!

V.

We'll come back to thee, Columbia,
Back to home and fireside;
We'll come back to thee, the living—
Leaving those who there have died.
And the memory of the fallen
Will be blessed with smiling tears,
And the world be saved, Columbia,
Throughout all the coming years.

ON THE RHINE

There's a new battle cry in the trenches,
There's a new flag afloat o'er the line,
And the hoarse cannon's roar is calling
for more,
Till Pershing shall give us the sign;
And then with the new flag to lead us
And our new battle star all ashine,
We will strangle the Hun till the vic-
tory's won,
When Pershing says, "On to the
Rhine."

CHORUS

So aloft with the Star-Spangled Banner,
Shout the new battle cry down the
line,
And the Huns in retreat we will crush in
defeat,
When Pershing says, "On to the
Rhine."

There's a new army now on the ocean,
There's a new army, too, in the sky.
They're headed for France with their
rifle and lance,

All ready to fight and to die;
And under the folds of Old Glory,
We'll battle with courage divine—
We'll fight and we'll win to the gates of
Berlin,
When Pershing says, "On to the
Rhine."

CHORUS

Then up with the Star-Spangled Banner,
Send the new battle cry down the line,
For we'll crush in defeat all the Huns
we may meet,
When Pershing says, "On to the
Rhine."



TULSA'S FIGHTING ENGINEERS

Came ye home again to Tulsa
From the battlefields afar,
Came ye home again to loved ones
From the blood-stained land of war,
And our anxious days are over
As we cheer you through our tears.
Welcome home again, thrice welcome,
Tulsa's noble Engineers.

Came ye home again to Tulsa
From the scream of shot and shell,
Where the Kaiser and his minions
Made the world a blazing hell.
Where ye held aloft the banner
Of Columbia's hopes and fears,
Where ye added to its glory,
Tulsa's soldier Engineers.

Came ye home again our heroes
From the carnage o'er the sea,
Bringing back a nation's homage
And your flag of Victory;
And we meet ye and we greet ye
With a swelling heart and cheers,
May God bless and keep ye always,
Tulsa's fighting Engineers.

THERE ARE OTHERS

If fortune smiles upon you and all is going well
And you have a nice deposit in the bank,
Don't look with scorn around you and
allow your head to swell,
For "you're not the only turtle in the tank."

If the present holds no sadness and the future, too, looks bright,
Your many friends have wealth and social rank,
Don't dissipate the gladness with a deed that is not right,
For "you're not the only turtle in the tank."

When existence seems completed, from the loving cup you quaff
Life's elixir—sweetest nectar ever drank—
'Tis not best to get conceited and at misfortune laugh,
For "you're not the only turtle in the tank."

It may be on the morrow when the
wheel of fortune turns,
Your happy life will be a dreary blank;
Your joys have turned to sorrow with a
misery that burns,
Still "you're not the only turtle in the
tank."

Let us try to help each other as we
journey through this life,
And when we near the river's mystic
bank
Try our selfishness to smother, put
aside all petty strife,
For we all alike "are turtles in the tank."

In the end we all are equal, when we're
laid away to rest—
The millionaire, the pauper and the
crank.
A little mound's the sequel of the vilest
and the best;
Death claims alike all "turtles in the
tank."

THE MIND

What though you imprison my body,
The flesh and the blood and the bone,
In dungeons, and wrack it and tear it
And grind it on grating and stone,
And scar it with curses and lashes,
Then seek some new torture to find,
I'll laugh at my own crimson splashes,
For you cannot imprison my mind.

My body may go where you send it
And wither and rot and decay
'Mong the scum of the earth who are
sentenced
For life—be it years or a day.
All accursed in the chains you may rivet,
E'en there will be the fates yet be
kind.
My thoughts are my life as I live it,
And you cannot imprison my mind.

TO JUDGE H. T.

Snow-crowned, as firm as rugged mountains are,

With scales of justice balanced to decide,

No eloquence of "Orator at Bar"

Can make the wrong the right to override.

You there with knowledge ruling in your brain,

On judgment sit for pauper and for peer,

The fountains of the source of law to drain,

Then render justice, tintured not with fear.

Could others, who will follow in your way,

Be made to know what animates your heart,

Dawn then would come for that oft-hoped for day

When prejudice from justice will depart.

The law will be respected, and the bench
Attain the place designed in days of
old,
Freed from contamination and the
stench
Of judgments purchased with unholy
gold.

Long may you live and long the ermine
wear;
Long may you hold the scales of Jus-
tice blind;
Long may you be in envy's fiercest
glare,
JUST as you are, and fearless, true
and kind.
Then, when the summons comes for you
to go
To join the shades of Blackstone and
of Kent,
Your name will live and with the ages
grow,
For you, as they indeed, are Heaven-
sent.

THE CHANGE

The skies will not always be cloudy,
The rain cannot fall all the time,
The dull leaden gray of the long gloomy
day
Must make way after while for sunshine
The coal moaning winds of the Winter,
The frost and the ice and the snow
Will leave afterwhile and the Spring-
time's glad smile
Blot out all the chill with its glow.

Then the roses will bloom in their beauty
And the daisies peep forth in the dell,
And the violets blue in their silken dress
new
Deck the homes where our loving ones
dwell.
The air will be filled with sweet music,
The murmuring breath of the breeze
Will sing a love song of a love that is
strong,
Of happiness, joy and of ease.

THE DAWN

November 16, 1907

There is a new light in the east. The brightest day in all the history of the Red Man's land has dawned. From out the skies of the receding night a band of hardy pioneers, builders of an empire, have plucked the brightest star and with brave hands and patriotic hearts, pinned it to the azure field of Old Glory, adding a new lustre to the Nation's flag.

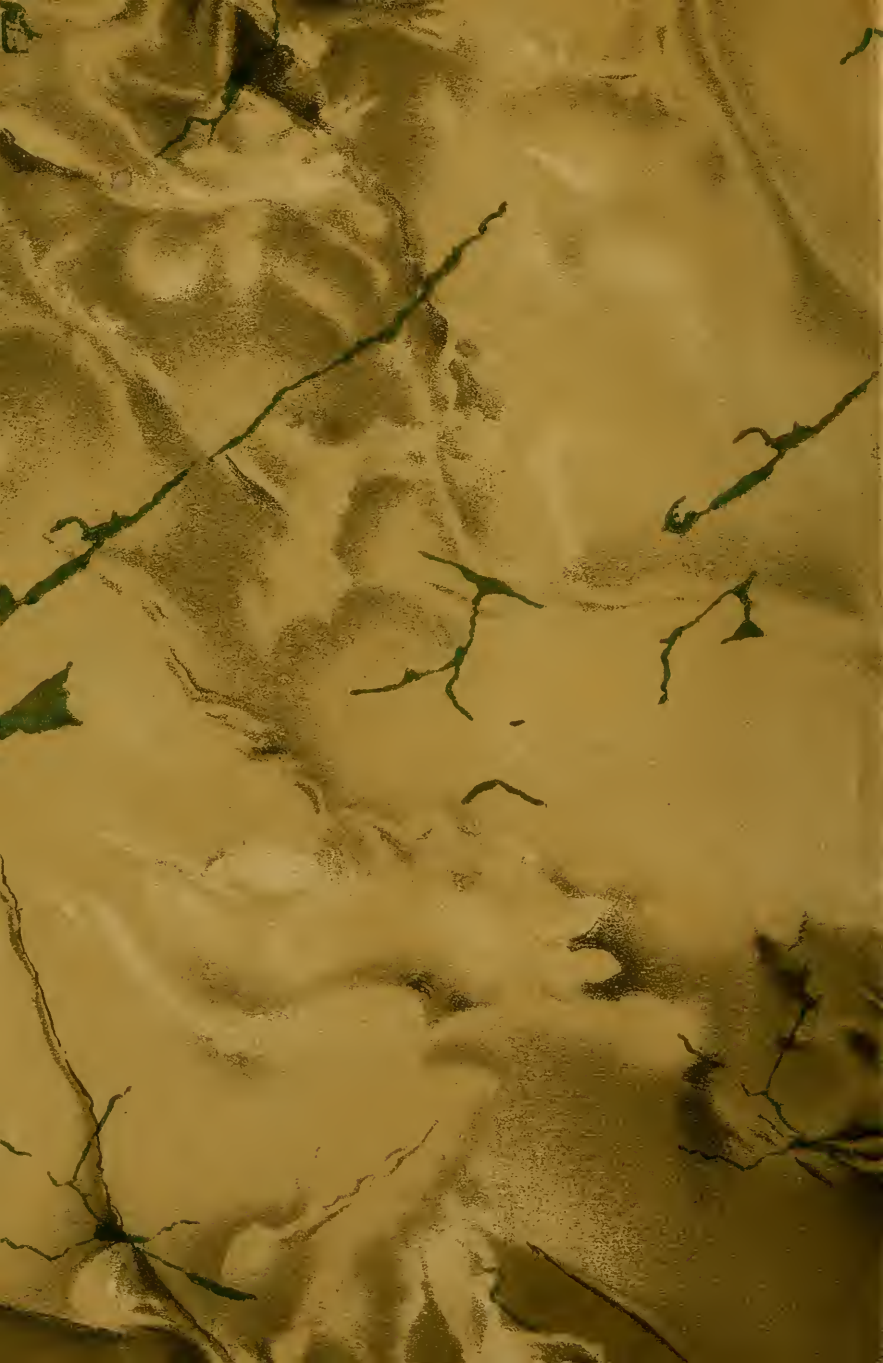
In imperishable letters a new name has been inscribed upon the banner of freedom—a name synonymous with success, with beauty, grandeur, patriotism, fidelity, prosperity, loyalty and love of home; a name crooned as a lullaby in bygone days when, sitting in the twilight of the boundless prairies, the Indian mother from her tepee watched the shadows lengthen into night and put her little ones to sleep; a name interwoven in the matchless history of marvelous things accomplished by those who dared to put their blood and brain

and brawn into the contest and win a victory where defeat seemed most certain; a name now heard along the arteries of commerce, in the busy marts of trade and wherever beats the Nation's throbbing heart of industry: OKLAHOMA.

But, yesterday, we were a million and a half of political orphans, misunderstood, misgoverned and mistreated. Today we stand erect, clothed with the full panoply of American citizenship, in all things the equal in fact as well as in name, of the proudest people of the Nation. But yesterday, to all the other state we were strangers. Today we have entered into our inheritance and wear upon our brow the full-flowered wreath of American manhood and take our place in Columbia's household as the most favored of all of the Nation's children. But yesterday, the long-range government by appointment, by telegraph and by misinformation was the rule. Today we begin a new era with the ideal government of the immortal Lincoln, a government of the people, for the people and by the people. Looking down the darkeneing shadows of the past, with its obstructions to advance-

ment swept aside by the energy, determination and ambition of our people, we turn with confidence to the future, secure in the belief that tomorrow will bring to us but additional triumphs in life's battle. In this hour of our emancipation, when paens of joy are ascending throughout the land, when the clang of the political shackles falling from the arms of freemen makes wondrous music for the patriots who fought in freedom's cause, it is but meet that we should pause and give to those who led the van a fervent "God bless you," and tell them they have builded better than they knew in giving to posterity the greatest commonwealth the Nation ever welcomed into the sisterhood of states.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 602 861 2